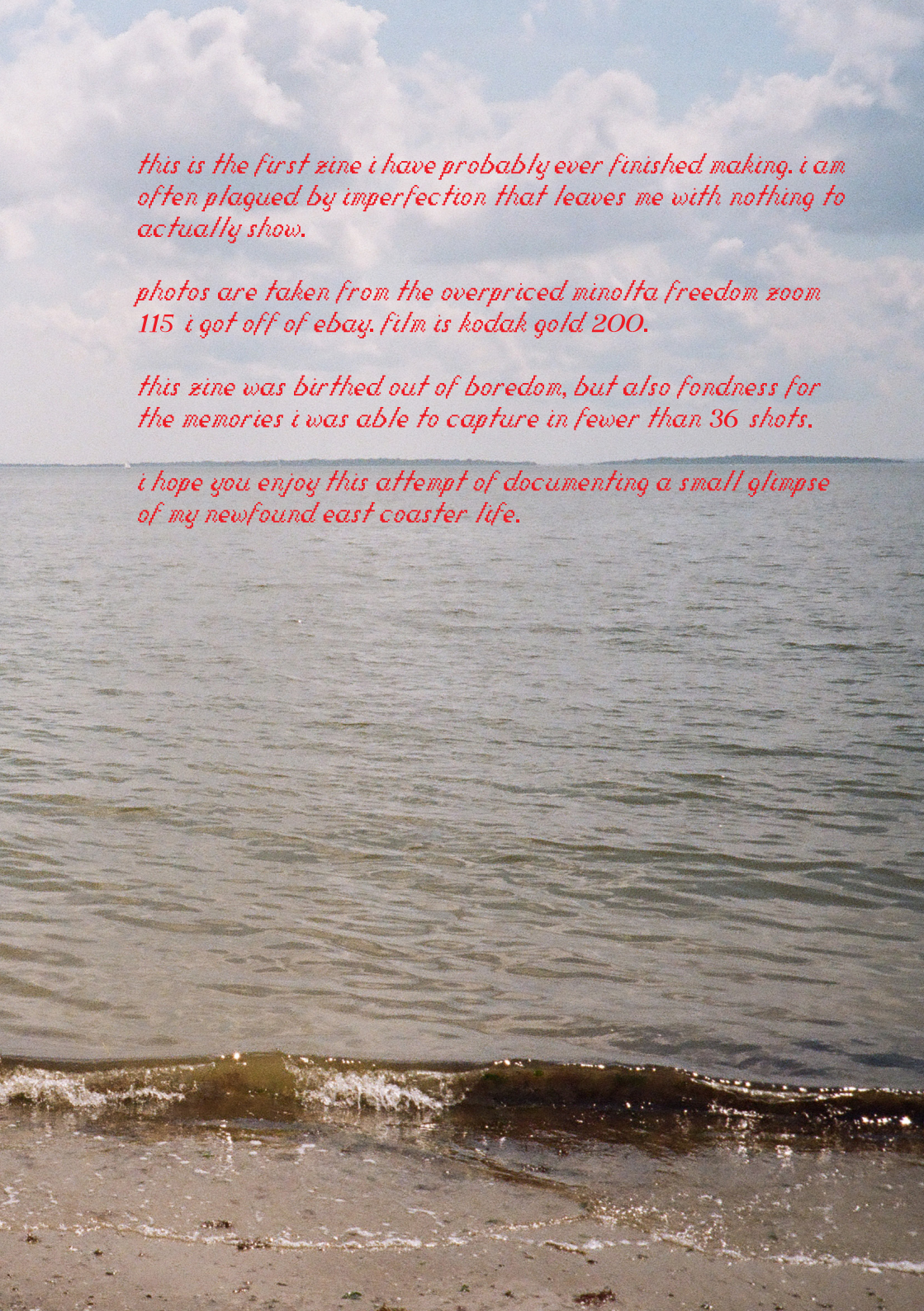
the grass is very soft



this is the first zine i have probably ever finished making. i am often plagued by imperfection that leaves me with nothing to actually show.

photos are taken from the overpriced minolta freedom zoom 115 i got off of ebay. film is kodak gold 200.

this zine was birthed out of boredom, but also fondness for the memories i was able to capture in fewer than 36 shots.

i hope you enjoy this attempt of documenting a small glimpse of my newfound east coaster life.

for whatever reason i didn't expect "RISD beach" to actually be privately owned by RISD with the RISD logo and all (don't ask me why).

its about a 20 minute drive away from providence, and i've never really explored anywhere outside the boundaries of my townhouse apartment and the bayard ewing building.

i found it quite beautiful but also amusing that many of us brought our cameras with us. the beach is one of the most gorgeous places to capture a moment. i'm as guilty as everyone else.

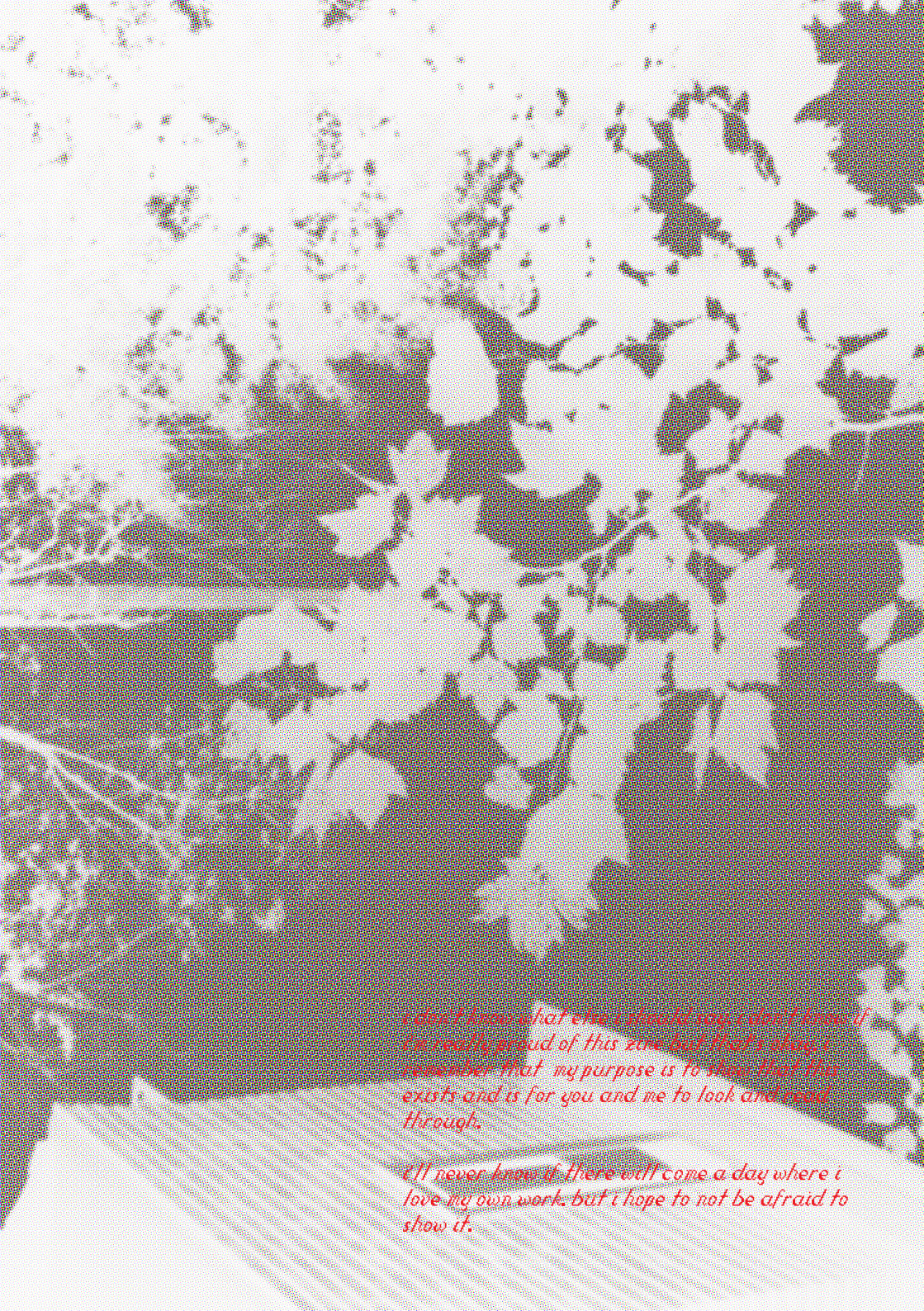
the saltmarshes are so lush and green. i would love to lie down in them. the wind creates a pattern by pushing the blades of grass in different directions. it's a hypnotizing scene i could stare into forever.

when i got my film back i kind of realized every picture i took is of fanxy. its kind of funny. she's a natural model !!!

the beaches i visit are usually full of life. there's usually a pier brimming with food and fishermen, or a diner across the street into the beach town. the sun sets on the horizon. this beach was lively with people but still quiet. the sand isn't manicured and filled with the corpses of sea animals. it hurt to walk on without shoes, as shells cut into the bottom of my feet.

while baking in the sun wearing a black top and a black skirt, i made the most earnest attempts to read Lapvona by Otessa Moshfegh on my e-reader, despite the endless distractions around me. i always envision reading at the beach as a soothing activity, but i always forget about the sun glaring down your neck, the sand everywhere and the impossible to find reading position. despite it all, i would still do it again.

no longer the beach but brooklyn. view taken from a very quiet and peaceful spot in dumbo.


I don't know what else I should say. I don't know if I'm still afraid of this zine but that's okay. I remember that my purpose is to show that this exists and is for you and me to look and read through.
I'll never know if there will come a day where I love my own work, but I hope to not be afraid to show it.

i wish to lie in it